WHAT IS HAPPENING IN WORLD OF ART

Senor del Rio, by Antonio Moro. In the Loan Exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries.

IN the spring the young New Yorker's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of foreign shores, and the Julius Rolshoven paintings in the Reinhardt Galleries, 565 Fifth avenue, aid and abet these unpatriotic desires. Mr. Rolshoven lives in Florence and he not only tantalizes us with Florentine palaces and gardens, but a whole sequence of sketches in Tunisian market places and bazaars that are most disturbing.

What American can look upon any Moor without being engulfed in whole oceans of regret and envy for the something the Moor possesses that we do not? The "great white way," with its young ladies winking electric eyes at us over the roof tops, and all the myriads of other symbols that wriggle and writhe in emerald and aubergine lights to advertise, is very charming; and of course we have the highest pride in the Woolworth Building, which puts every tower in Tunis to the blush by at least five hundred feet, but even so there are things in Tunis we do not have, and that we yearn for, especially about this time of the year.

Tunis has several kinds of "souks," for instance, and veiled women—aren't you, too, just a little weary of the hobbled skirt?—and siestas and merchants like those in "Sumurun" and captivating coffee houses. We don't pretend to know exactly what a "souk" is, but it is a nice place if Mr. Rolshoven's picture is to be believed. We imagine the "Silk Souk" to be the silk district, and it is located upon a narrow street, covered with awnings that admit but slits of light, and under a whitewashed alcove the gorgeous merchants' colorful costumes gleam through the shadows while they drink their coffee and consummate their bargains. Anything more unlike the Fourth avenue silk district here, it is impossible to imagine. We have not explored the new silk buildings upon Fourth avenue completely, but we should like the proprietor of the admittedly most up to date silk emporium in New York to take a look at Mr. Rolshoven's "Silk Souk" and then tell us, with his hand upon his heart, if Fourth avenue really has anything on Tunis.

Then there is the Sidi-Bon-Said coffee house! Wouldn't we just go there every afternoon reg'lar at 4 P. M. to write our art criticisms, if it were in New York? And wouldn't everybody get much nicer criticisms in that event? Ra-ther. You only see the outside of it in the picture, but any one with half an eye for coffee houses can see it is all right. It is two stories high, but the cafe part with veranda is in the upper region, with wide white steps leading up to it. "From the top we enjoy an exquisite *VIEW," says Baedeker, "which is finest by morning light, of the sight of Carthage." As if any one cared a fig for any morning view whatever in Sidi-Bon-Said. Mr. Rolshoven went there like a sensible person for his siesta and the moment he finished his capital sketch he hurried right in to enjoy his well earned dominoes and coffee.

The second group of pictures are the Florentine ones. Some ladies and a little girl inspected them eagerly, as we did, and the ladies found as much to approve of in the palazzi interiors as we had in Tunisian ones. One of them decided that she could not continue living unless she lived in one of those palaces that had no carpets and very little furniture and yet looked sufficiently furnished. The others egged the enthusiast on and promised that they would come to her for week-ends. Suddenly a childish voice piped up and pervaded the gallery:

"Mamma, is that man going to buy the picture?"

"Hush, darling."

"Mamma, why does the man look so at the picture?"

"Because, my dear, it is very beautiful, and these pictures show a new way of painting and that trellised window with roses, * * *" but by that time the little darling had been sternly dragged into the Tunis room and out of earshot.

• • • • • •

Nevertheless, she started a new train of thought. Do critics ever buy pictures? If not, why not? We mused and mused upon the subject but could come to no definite conclusion.

THE Durand-Ruel exhibition of the works of Claude Monet contains but twenty pictures, yet they cover the whole range of the great impressionist's career, and to those who recall his revolutionary exhibitions in the past each picture is like turning a separate page of history.

There is just one of the "Cathedrale de Rouen" series, the "Effet de Soleil, 1894," which still carries with it the power to provoke discussion; one of the water lily series; one of the sunsets of 1891, with very little of subject upon which to hang the refracted, scintillating color harmonies, and some interesting very early examples.

Of these "Le Havre, terrasse au Bord de la Mer, 1866" has the earliest date. It shows a garden with flower beds and brick walls to protect it from the too brusque breezes which sweep across the waters of the bay, and there are steamer chairs and a quartet of people taking [illegible] in comfortable fashion, the two ladies of course in crinolines. In the "offing" there is quite a regatta, and though it is distant and properly softened by the atmosphere there is the sense of the soft stir of the boats upon the water. All through the picture there is the feeling of life, the result of the fresh enthusiasm of a nature that responded to the visible aspects. There is no conscious composition. The picture has the air of an impromptu, and consequently pleases the young people of the day, who have gone back to Monet's 1866 period as a fresh point of departure. Samuel Halpert, Marsden Hartley and a few of the other daring spirits among our younger men were in the gallery during our hasty inspection and were observed to study the picture closely. The picture bears a strong resemblance in style to the work of Andre, one of the leaders of the present day impressionists, who may have also "departed" from Monet at this point.

The "Vieux Port du Havre" has no points of novelty in execution, but it is a lovely picture. The mass of fishing boats with soft gray sails, against the finely drawn gray architectural mass of the buildings along the docks, has the power to please all tastes.

GUTZON BORGLUM always has had the faculty to stir us up and agitate us. Ever since he jumped into the limelight by smashing those angels that were not liked by the Cathedral of St. John the Divine he has been much with us. His opinions upon all sorts of social questions became straightway interesting, and the public is never tired of listening to them. One very dull season Mr. Borglum explained away the angel story and declared that the wildest parts of the narrative were inventions of the newspapers. Fancy that! But it was of no avail. A story that is ben trovato is better than true, and whether or not George Washington and Gutzon Borglum really wielded their axes, the public will always insist that they did. In the eyes of the public he is and will continue to be our greatest sculptor.

Strangely enough, few of us have seen the sculptures. The present exhibition in the Avery Gallery at Columbia is almost a debut for him. If it progresses safely and quietly through the six weeks allotted to it, without any sensational thefts or suffragistic attacks, we shall be agreeably surprised. We have not seen the sculptures, and we know no reason why anything should happen to them. It is only that we always feel nervous when Mr. Borglum takes the platform.

We made the long journey uptown last week to see the exhibition, but were cruelly disappointed; the heavy sculptures had been stalled somewhere in the blizzard's drifts and had not arrived. Finding it impossible in the stress of artistic events to make the journey twice, we ventured upon an unusual course and asked a friend of ours, a sculptor and an Academician of magnificent leisure, to sum up the effect for us he gained from the show. In the meantime the catalogue had arrived with a foreword in it by no less an individual than George Luks. George's foreword is highly eulogistic. It is undeniably a great achievement as a foreword, and will take rank in the winter's history next after the Hartley foreword by the incomparable Miss Gertrude Stein. It is more of a pen portrait than a foreword and reminds one of the amiable fad for "pen portraits" that raged with such fury back in the days of Madame de Sevigne and Madame de la Fayette. George's pen positively soars. The only tiny little exception we take to it is our distaste for "knowledge pointing the way and imagination, like a playful child, romping behind." Personally, in art we prefer it when imagination leads the way, and knowledge like a playful child romps behind.

Imagine our surprise, though, when our Academician sent in his opinion and we found it to be unfavorable! It doesn't agree with George Luks's foreword. Isn't that the usual Borglum luck? It means a row of course. Mr. Luks and our Academician are personal friends. They will meet soon, probably within a week, and then they will have it out, catch as catch can, to a finish. Well, it is not our affair.

In the meantime here are the warring opinions. First, George Luks's:

"Gutzon Borglum, philosopher, poet and student, is the type of man that stands alone, thinks alone and acts alone, bound to no conventions, a nonconformist. He speaks as he thinks, whether one thing to-day and another to-morrow; the same force, the same sincerity of purpose, the same individual are always present. His native talent and culture have drawn him toward the very confines of eternity to the regions of mystic shadows that have ever stirred the souls of men. His vivid imagination binds him to no particular 'ism.' He finds a fascination in them all and from each are chosen the haunting flowers and woven with masterly skill into garlands of beauty, into forms and souls and dreams. He believes that the very essence of sculpture is correctness, and there seems to be a perfect agreement between his understanding and his imagination. With him knowledge points the way and imagination, like a playful child, romps behind. Intelligence alone the enchanted path to things beautiful. His thirsting desire to know has plunged him headlong into fields abstruse, and with the generous mind and innocent heart of the child he takes us by the hand, wants us to go along and enjoy the good things too.

"Many attempt but never perform; Borglum performs. A man's work self judges, fixes his capacity. The savage with his rudely carved image might properly regard the figure as the most remarkable piece of art imaginable, when we measure the extent of his intellect. Therefor, Borglum will tell you that it is the intellect that sends the chips of marble flying and not the hand. The beauty that pleases is the beauty he follows. Truth and perfection his constant aims. To him the soul that renders such work commands. He follows nature, not as the fox the hare, but rather as the father his lost child. Borglum gives us no pledge and his spirit exults in an untrammelled freedom. He feels indebted to nobody, and the wide world is at once his temple and playground. There is nothing impassive in his creations; they teem with emotion, feeling and life. He seeks the relations of things and welds his links together in a masterly manner. He employs no Fabian tactics, but marches boldly to the front, relinquishing no conquered territory without a bitter struggle. America, the land of his birth, he makes his home. He is keenly alive to the treasures that lie hidden in every page of his country's history. Theme upon theme surge through his heart and his mind, as restless as the ocean. Like a fretting horse he is eager to be off. Nothing seems to satisfy his parched soul. He does not believe in accident; achievement is born of genius and work. Shy of flattery, a wholesome praise acts as a stimulus to his inspiration. He is thoroughly human and wants nothing he does not earn. He works for the world, and if he succeeds in making it see what he sees and feel what he feels, then he is happy."

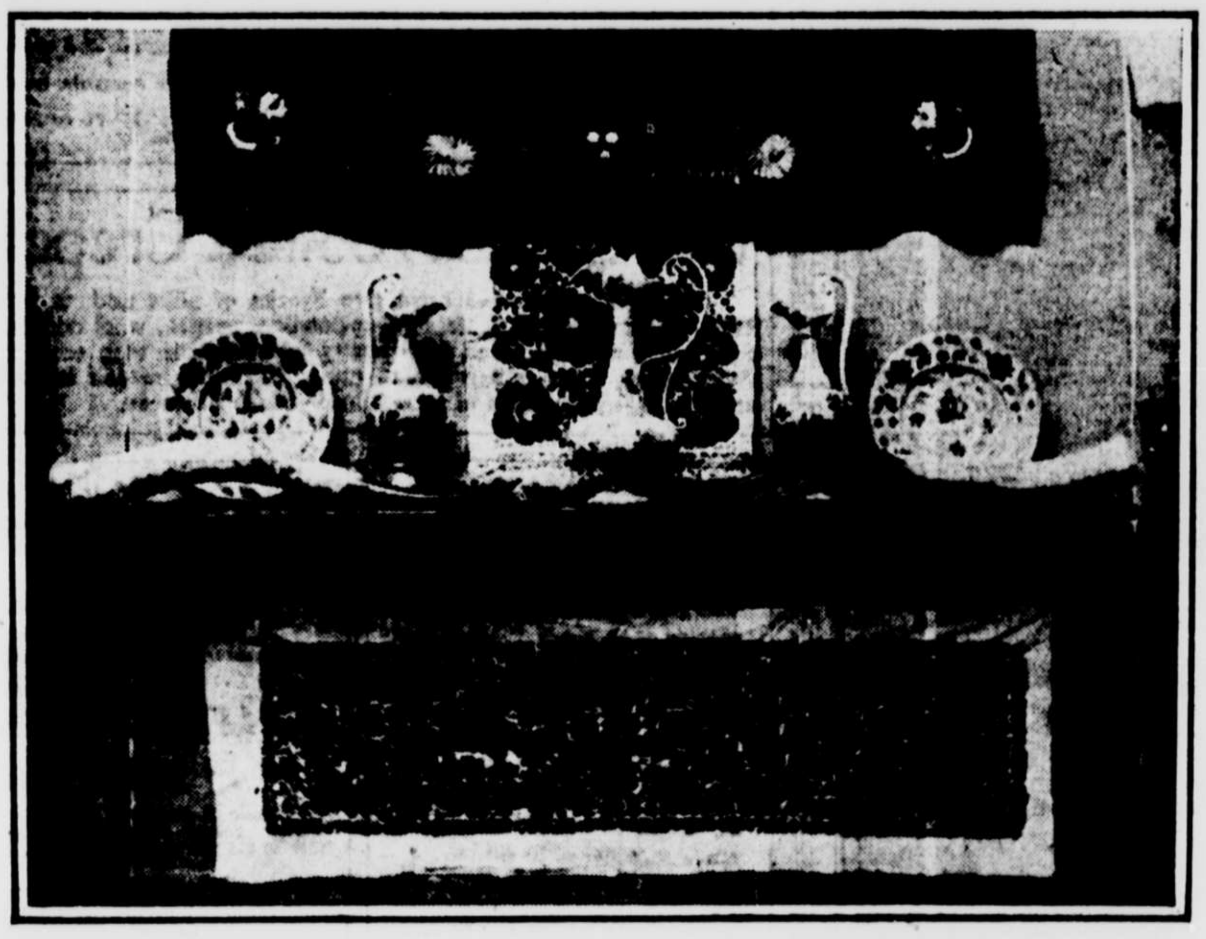
And here is our Academician. He does not make himself clear in every particular, but then neither does Mr. Luks. It is apparent, however, that he is just as unkind as Mr Luks is friendly:

"Gutzon Borglum:

"His talent is marked by great aspiration, but the actual achievement is slight. There are a few notes here and there, like the incomplete little figures of the 'Martyrs' and the 'Centaurs' that show delicacy of modelling, visibly inspired by Rodin, but nearly everything in the gallery has the air of having been done in too great haste.

"A considerable part of the exhibit is made up of masks of no great consequence. The part played by these and the other fragments shown is negligible. Quite a number of pieces of horses and parts of the group 'Mares of Diomedes' rather encumber the place. It would seem that they were put in just to fill up space.

"The busts of Miss Matthison and Col. Ehlers have been seen through a mist. The one of Senator Elkins is cleaner cut and keener. The little head of a girl 'Phyllis' is the most pleasing of the heads, but the little bronze 'Ruskin' is the most satisfactory thing in the show. The bronze head of Lincoln is a poor sort of a thing, a very indistinguished characterization, and moreover the form is poor, showing too much haste. The monument to Lincoln at Newark, the full sized model of which is here shown, is better here than in its place in front of the County Court House. It should be a conspicuous note there in an important architectural scheme, but at a short distance it becomes totally ineffective. In the large and pretentious marble figure called 'Conception' Mr. Borglum has evidently been obsessed by Rodin's 'Eve.' Rodin plays an important part in all this work and is the direct inspirer of the whole line of 'Centaurs,' 'Martyrs,' 'Maiden's Prayers' and 'Masks.'"



Hungarian Peasant Art. In the National Arts Club Exhibition.

AMONG the seventy-six Rembrandt etchings now on view in the gallery of Kennedy & Co. are a number of rare impressions, including the "Three Trees," "Lutma," "Old Haaring" and "The Canal." The distance in the "Three Trees" is managed with a skill that would be wonderful in other etchers, but with Rembrandt was a matter of course. The thin line that marks the horizon, rising just above the detailed landscape, carries the eye immeasurably into the distance, in an amazingly clever fashion. Two impressions of the "Three Crosses" are shown, one of them, in the fourth state, before the address of Carelse. This wonderful plate is supposed by some experts to be the work of another hand than Rembrandt's. "But the question that follows," says Mr. Kennedy, "is this: Who is there that ever lived, save Rembrandt, who could possibly have done it?"

At Keppel's about seventy etchings by Felix Buhot are on view. Buhot's plates are certainly far removed from the usual groove and are difficult to classify. "He did not understand," Leon Benedite once said of him, "the traditional distinction made between a line engraver, an etcher or a worker in dry point, nor of all those good people who separate and group themselves according to the end at which they break the egg they are going to eat." Without scruple Buhot uses all the methods on one plate—soft ground, dry point and aquatint, and even the delicate tone that may be gained by the employment of flowers of sulphur. The trait that distinguishes them above all others, however, is the extreme to which he has pushed the remarque, which most modern etchers have dropped altogether but which Buhot develops until it constitutes an entire frame upon the plate for the etching proper.

THE show now on at the Macbeth galleries, 450 Fifth avenue, is a loan exhibition devoted to our American classics, and in addition to the usual trio of Inness, Martin and Wyant there are canvases by the impressionists Theodore Robinson and John H. Twachtman and paintings by Winslow Homer, W. M. Hunt, George Fuller and John La Farge.

The Winslow Homer is one of his very great pictures: angry, heavy surf breaking over rocks that seem to have been flung there in some primeval overthrow of nature and that still evoke memories of the wrath of the gods and of the beginnings of things. "The Amazon," by W. M. Hunt, is a forceful painting of a forceful lady brimful of health and character, but of a type more in fashion with artists of our civil war days than with those of this. Our present ideal, judging her by her infrequent appearances in our exhibitions, has become at once more frail and more exotic. The "Kwaunon Meditating on Human Life," by La Farge, is typical of his style and has much of his power for brilliant color and subtle line, but the picture is probably a study for one of his many decorative enterprises and the face, which now follows too closely the model, was left so no doubt consciously that it might be carried out perfectly in the glass or fresco later.

"Kwawnon Meditating on Human Life," by John La Farge. On exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries.

In the lower Macbeth Gallery there are many small marine studies by Waugh, studied with close fidelity to the literal facts. Many of them were accomplished upon an ocean steamer during a crossing, and one of the most snappy of the sketches shows the deck of the listing vessel with the spray of a "comber" dashing by in a cloud. A capital A. B. Davies and a fine study of a little girl by Robert Henri are also to be seen.

IT was Dr. Bredius who in his enthusiasm over the four portraits by Antonio Moro, owned by the Ehrich Galleries, insisted that they should be placed upon public exhibition. This has now been done and with them have been hung seven other portraits by seven other masters that combine into a little show that is not to be missed. Not every one chanced to see the Moro portraits of Senor and Senora del Rio that used to be the chief ornaments of Mrs. Philip Lydig's library and that were prominent in the Lydig sale last spring, and they are worth study. Moro was the greatest portraitist of his time, in Holland, and his art even then had international fame. He had studied in Italy, where he felt the influence of Titian, had worked in Belgium, had followed the Spanish court to Madrid and Lisbon and even worked in London before returning to Holland.

His "Senor del Rio" is subtly characterized and ably painted; his portrait "of a gentleman" realizes the title nobly, and the little "Spanish Prince" is painted not only with feeling, but the armor that the boy wears is damascened in the famous Toledo manner and carried out in the picture to ultimate completion.

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE hanging of the Hungarian Peasant art in the exhibition in the National Arts Club deserves a special word of praise. Never have we seen the rather difficult galleries look so handsome. Mr. Laurvik and the others of the committee apparently have rightly regarded the textiles and embroideries with all the seriousness of first rate works of art, and the gala garments of the Hungarians have been as carefully placed upon the walls as paintings would be.

Theodore K. Pembrook's pictures remain at the Snedecor Gallery, 107 West Forty-sixth, until March 18. One of his most attractive canvases is the "Rugged Nature," in which the light breaks from behind massive woods painted heavily and richly in the Barbizon manner. But all of Mr. Pembrook's landscapes are rugged.

Max Kuehne is the latest candidate for impressionist honors to be sponsored by the Daniel Gallery, 2 West Forty-seventh street, and while he is not as yet in a position as an artist to eclipse all that have gone before him in the series of brilliant little shows that the new gallery has given us this winter, he at least challenges respectful attention. He is interested in the Hudson of the upper part of the city, and much of his work in that part of the town suggests the influence of Lawson. His color is excellent, without being strikingly individual, and the same may be said of his compositions. He is weak in his textures, his Hudson River although pretty in color is not composed of water and the raw paint upon his buildings sticks out in ragged edges that could only be forgiven to an artist who burns with eloquence. That Mr. Kuehne hardly does as yet.

One of the best pieces is a picture of the ever fascinating Gloucester, Mass., the topography of which, thanks to the army of painters who flock there in summer, has become vastly more familiar to New York art lovers than Brooklyn. Some of the same houses that Mr. Kroll showed us but a short time ago figure again in Mr. Kuehne's canvas, with the same cottage decked hill across the bay, but the whole thing bathed in a soft green light, the tone of the greens in the Celadon vases that the Japan Society teaches us to admire.

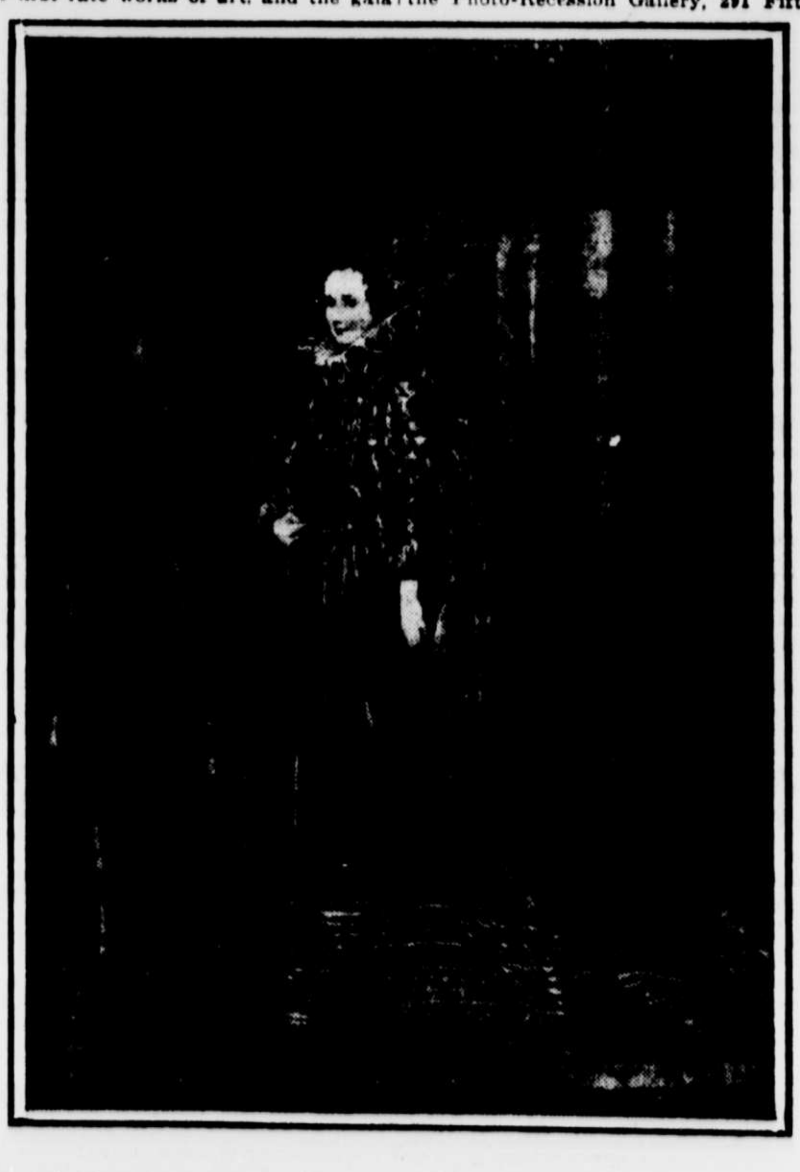
The director of the Department of Fine Arts, John W. Beatty, announces an important exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, representing present and recent American painters. The collection, consisting of 158 paintings by sixty-one American artists, is the property of Dr. Alexander Humphreys, president of the Stevens Institute of Technology of New Jersey.

The history of American landscape art can readily be traced in this notable collection. We find the earlier exponents represented by Colman, Hart, Moran, Whittredge and R. Swain Gifford. Inness has three works in the collection; Homer D. Martin eight and Wyant seven. Thus an adequate number of works is offered to study the culminating efforts of the early American landscape school. William Morris Hunt, John La Farge, Blakelock, Winslow Homer, George Fuller, Theodore Robinson and John Twachtman, artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, are among the names familiar to every American art lover. Examples of contemporary art are shown by the following well known artists: Brush, Bunce, Chapman, Beal, Church, Coman, Curran, Daingerfield, Davies, Davis, Dearth, Dessar, Dougherty, Eakins, Foote, Foster, Hassam, Hawthorne, Hoeber, Howe, Inness, H. Bolton Jones, Kost, Loeb, Lungren, Mosler, Murphy, Ochtman, Parrish, Paull, Peters, Picterss, Potthast, Ranger, Ryder, Sartain, Schofield, Smillie, Snell, Tryon, Walker, Wiggins, Williams.

The Herter Looms, 841 Madison avenue, are showing sixteen paintings of Ossip L. Linde, until March 28. Most of the subjects have been found in Venice and Bruges, spots so much in demand for modern art that even the stay at homes know the geography of these two places absolutely. Mr. Linde paints in good color, which he applies so thickly and in such a curious manner that the picture resembles an enamel. His most attractive study is that of the "Steps of Venice."

Next Tuesday evening at Metropolitan Temple, Fourteenth street and Seventh avenue, Alexander T. Van Laer will continue his course of lectures under the auspices of the Board of Education on "The History of Painting" with a lecture on "Rubens and Rembrandt and the Painters of the Netherlands."

The original sculpture by Constantine Brancusi of Paris is now to be seen in the Photo-Recession Gallery, 291 Fifth avenue. It is to be followed by a show of Frank Burty's paintings and drawings. Mr. Burty is also from Paris and, we feel reasonably sure, not an Academician.



Portrait of "Paola Adorno, Marchesa di Brignole Sala," by Van Dyck. Reported to have been bought from Duke of Abercorn collection by Henry C. Frick.

Goupil & Co OF PARIS
IMPORTANT EXHIBITIONS
Original Etchings IN COLOR
BY Mathilde de Cordoba
AND Zella de Milhau
Original Bronzes
by Rembrandt Bugatti
March 16th to 28th inclusive
58 W. 45th St. Between 5th & 6th Aves.

Exhibition of Recently Published
ETCHINGS BY
AFFLECK, BAIRD, EYRE, FARRELL, FULLWOOD, HAYES, MACBETH, HOLE, McGHIE, NEAVE, RUSHBURY, STRANG, WALKER, RAEBURN
March 11th to April 11th
Rudolf Seckel
31 East 12th Street
New York

ARTHUR of London
HAVE ON VIEW
Antique Chinese and Japanese
JADES AND PORCELAINS
From Famous Private Collections
603 Fifth Avenue Above 48 St.
OTTO FUKUSHIMA, Manager

Exhibition of
REMBRANDT
Etchings
AUDUBON'S
Birds of America
Kennedy & Co.
613 FIFTH AVENUE
(Bet. 49th and 50th Sts.)

Arlington Art Galleries
EXHIBITION OF
Landscape Paintings
By
Robert H. Nisbet
March 16th to 28th inclusive
274 Madison Avenue
Between 39th & 40th Streets, N. Y.

THE
EHRICH GALLERIES
IMPORTANT EXHIBITION
of
Sixteenth Century Portraits
Including Four by Antonio Moro
707 Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
Galleries open Friday Evenings during March until 10 o'clock.

Expert Restoring
Cleaning and Varnishing of Paintings
Artistic Picture Hanging
Charles Stollberg
Formerly with Schaus Art Gallery
1 East 41st Street, at Fifth Avenue

Morning Evening and Sunday Editions
During 1913 THE SUN published a greater amount of ART advertising than any other newspaper extant and of *superior quality* besides.
The largest ART advertiser in the world has used during the past quarter of a century more space in THE SUN than in *any other newspaper*.
During 1914 THE SUN will continue to give ample attention to all matters of Foreign and American Art.
Advertising copy for the Sunday Art page should be in The Sun Building by 3 P. M. Thursdays.
When proofs are to be submitted by NOON Wednesdays.
Rate per line, 45 cents per insertion—agate measurement.
THE EVENING SUN is now publishing "Studio and Gallery" notes every Tuesday and Friday. It has the highest class circulation of any afternoon paper in New York.
Advertising copy should be in by NOON the previous day.
Rate per line, 30 cts. per insertion—agate measurement.